THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." —PROVERBS.

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CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY IN ST. GEORGE.

On Friday, Dec. 25, 1874, at 10.30 a.m., pursuant to appointment, the workmen from the north engaged on the St. George Temple, together with the local workmen engaged on that building, and a goodly number of the Saints, met in the basement of the St. George Tabernacle, President George A. Smith presiding. The choir sang, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee." Prayer by Patriarch Wm. G. Perkins.

Singing, "The towers of Zion soon shall rise."

Elder A. F. McDonald read sec. 96 from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, also paragraphs 10 to 17 inclusive of sec. 103.

The choir sang, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning."

The addresses of Joseph Smith to the Saints in Nauvoo, contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, secs. 105 and 106, were then read.

The following song, composed by Elder C. L. Walker, one of the Temple workmen, was sung by Elder William J. F. McAllister, the entire congregation standing and joining in the chorus:—

TEMPLE SONG.

Tune — "*Hold the Fort.*"

Lo! a Temple, long expected, in St. George shall stand;
By God's faithful Saints erected, here in Dixie Land.

Chorus:—

Hallelujah! hallelujah! let hosannahs ring;
Heaven shall echo back our praises; Christ shall reign as king.

Th' noble task we hail with pleasure, coming from our head,
Brings salvation, life eternal, for our kinréd dead.

Chorus:—

Holy and Eternal Father, give us strength, we pray,
To Thy name to build this Temple in the Latter-day.

Chorus:—

Oh! how anxious friends are waiting, watching every move
Made by us for their redemption, with a holy love.

Chorus:—

Long they've hoped through weary ages for the present time,

For the everlasting Gospel, with its truth sublime.

Chorus :—

Lo ! the prison doors are open, millions hail the day,
Praying, hoping for baptism, in th' appointed way.

Chorus :—

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah, let the structure rise,
Rear aloft those noble towers, pointing to the skies.

Chorus :—

Hell may rage and Satan tremble still that House we'll rear,
Heaven will aid us, angels guard us, we've no need to fear.

Chorus :—

Prest. Smith, on rising, said that Prest. Young sent his fervent greeting and blessing to the people, and desired a continuation of the prayers of the Saints that his health might continue to improve. Brother Smith said the passages which had been read from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants had been selected as those best suited to the occasion of our coming together to talk of the building of Temples, and of some of the all-important work for the Saints to attend to therein. Those passages, he went on to say, give expression to ideas and words which could not be equalled, unless by the same inspiration and spirit from on high. He made pertinent remarks on the divine admonitions, rebukes, instructions and promises contained in the readings of the morning. He spoke of the Solemn Assembly which convened in Kirtland nearly forty years ago, and of the great blessings poured out by the Lord on that occasion. He felt glad to see present here to-day perhaps forty witnesses of what then took place. He alluded to councils which had been held in Nauvoo, and to the fact of the Prophet Joseph calling the Twelve together, and, at a meeting called for that purpose, of Joseph and Hyrum the Patriarch administering to Brigham Young, then President of the Twelve Apostles, what is known as the Second Anointing, and instructing him to administer in like manner to his brethren of the Twelve, which he did to the nine of the Twelve who were then at home He stated that the Twelve were then instructed to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel for the dead, beginning with baptism and the laying on of hands. This work was at once commenced. It soon became apparent that some had long records of their dead, for whom they wished to administer. This was seen to be but the beginning of an immense work, and that to administer all the ordinances of the Gospel to the hosts of the dead was no light task. The Twelve asked Joseph if there could not be some shorter method of administering for so many. Joseph in effect replied—"The laws of the Lord are immutable, we must act in perfect compliance with what is revealed to us. We need not expect to do this vast work for the dead in a short time. I expect it will take at least a thousand years."

Brother George A. Smith, in the foregoing recital, incidentally remarked that Elder Sidney Rigdon had never received the Second Anointing, nor the keys pertaining to baptism for the dead. The speaker warmly and most earnestly exhorted the people to energetically prosecute the work on the St. George Temple, so that President Young and the Twelve might have the opportunity of going therein to communicate the keys of knowledge and power which the Prophet Joseph had conferred upon them, and which could only be conferred on others in a Temple.

In response to a call, the hands of the assemblage rose as the hand of one man, in token that they were willing to use their powers and substance in building up the Temple and the kingdom of God on the earth.

The congregation sang—"Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning."

Benediction by Elder Erastus Snow.

After a recess of two hours, the assembly again convened.

The choir sang—"Truth reflects upon our senses."

Prayer by Elder Milo Andrus.

The choir and congregation sang—"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah."

An extract was read from Col. Thomas L. Kane's Historical Dis-

course, delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The extract read was descriptive of that gentleman's visit to Nauvoo, just after the Saints had been driven by the mob from their homes in that beautiful city; also of his observation and experience in the camps of the driven Saints.

"Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation," was sung.

Elder Milo Andrus rejoiced in to-day's proceedings. He had been present at the laying of the foundation stone of three Temples, two of which had been reared; the third was in Caldwell County, Mo., and was not yet built because of mobocracy. He related some of his experience in the Church; this experience had given him the knowledge that he was engaged in the work of God.

Extracts were read from Captain Codman's book, entitled "The Mormon Country," descriptive of that gentleman's sojourn and experience in Corinne, and in strong contrast thereto the author's sojourn and experience in Brigham City.

Elder E. Snow said quite a number of those present to-day had had experience in Temple building in Kirtland and in Nauvoo. He referred to the blessings which had been conferred upon us in the South, to our circumstances and surroundings, to our temptations and our privileges.

President Geo. A. Smith then dedicated by prayer the food and the wine, after which those present partook of the feast prepared.

Remarks were made by Elders Levi Hancock and Thomas Colburn. Songs and addresses of a miscellaneous character were delivered at interval; after which Prest. Smith made a few remarks, concluding by blessing the people in the name of the Lord.

The large congregation arose and sang—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

This happy and truly instructive reunion was then closed with prayer by Patriarch William G. Perkins.

JAMES G. BLEAK,
Clerk and Historian of the Southern Mission.

—*Deseret News.*

THE SUIT IN THE ABATEMENT CASE.

The recent case of Cora Conway *vs.* Jeter Clinton *et al*, before the Third District Court in this city, was a suit for the recovery of three times the alleged value of property destroyed by municipal abatement, in a house tenanted by her, and used as a house of ill-fame. This was declared a nuisance, and in accordance with the petition of neighboring citizens, the place was abated. The plaintiff sued the defendants for upwards of $19,000 in all. The charge of the Judge, as everybody knowing his prejudices expected, was adverse to the defendants, and the jury thereupon returned a verdict for the plaintiff to the amount of $6,100, the presumed value of the property destroyed. This was in opposition to that rule of law that a nuisance may be destroyed by the abater, and he is under no obligation to prevent injury to the materials, though the destruction is not to be malicious or wanton, or proceed further than may be considered necessary to abate the nuisance.

How far therefore destruction in abatement of a nuisance shall go, depends greatly upon opinion. This house of ill-fame was declared a public nuisance, was publicly abated by public process in accordance with municipal ordinance. There was nothing wanton or malicious in the abatement, as the plaintiff received ample notice of the consequences if she did not herself abate the nuisance. The municipal authorities considered that the nuisance would not be effectually abated unless the furniture and fittings up of the house, used in accomplishing the nuisance, were destroyed, the personal effects of the girls excepted. The abatement was conducted carefully, soberly, and mercifully, the ruling idea being to effectually destroy the nuisance, so far as it could be done

without personal injury to those who created it.

The Judge in his charge construed the abatement, as conducted, as an unauthorized stretch of power, thus playing directly into the hands of the keepers of bawdy houses, and, so far as his charge went, sustaining them in their fight against the city authorities, who, being fathers of families and respectable citizens, desire to do all in their power to restrain such debasing institutions, and even prevent their existence in this city to tarnish the fair fame thereof, and corrupt the young and inexperienced. Thus, as things now stand, the Federal Judge virtually sustains these demoralizing institutions, and the city authorities oppose and seek to abate them.

This is not the first instance in which a federal judge has taken the part of this obnoxious class of people. Just previous to the abatement in question, a federal judge had *habeas corpussed* a number of persons who were being proceeded against by the city authorities for offences similar to this for which the Conway establishment was abated. What therefore could the city authorities do for the accomplishment of this much desired end of preventing the flourishing and existence of bawdy houses? The federal authorities tied the hands of the municipal authorities in the matter of prosecutions for these vile offences. The federal judges otherwise would do nothing, that is, in this district a sort of "practical masterly inactivity" was maintained by them. The city authorities, therefore, in compliance with the expressed wishes of resident citizens, offended by the nuisance, took the best means in their power to effectually abate it. In this, also, the District Judge now endeavors to tie their hands, and in effect so charges the jury.

Probably much to the surprise of most of the citizens, the jury second the views of a prejudiced and embittered judge and return a verdict in favor of the house of ill-fame and against the municipal authorities, to the extent of the alleged value of the goods destroyed in the execution of the abatement, thus virtually saying that bawdy houses shall be established and conducted with impunity, so far as the municipal authorities are concerned, and as to the federal authorities, to their shame be it said, they have never manifested any desire to restrain or abate houses of ill-fame, though some of them go crazy with their absurd desire to restrain, prevent, and punish honorable marriage.

The proceedings of the court belong to the public, and it is supposed that the official actors therein are not ashamed of their actions, nor of seeing their names in print in connection with notices of the court proceedings. The following are the names of the petit jury in this Conway Clinton case, as they have been furnished us—

H. C. Goodspeed, foreman, W. C. Smedley, J. McGregor, O. Crowell, James Low, Sol. Seigel, Howard Sebree, Levi Reed, Philip Margetts, C. Rhemke, Nicholas Groesbeck, and J. Z. Stewart.

It does appear a disparaging position for a federal judge and his court to be placed in, they as the defenders of bawdy house keepers, while the municipal authorities strain every nerve to discountenance and abate such institutions, in which exertions they are repeatedly hindred by the federal judge and his court. The contrast is altogether and greatly to the moral advantage of the city fathers, and, as this special case is to be carried still further in the courts, it is to be hoped that the municipal authorities and the cause of morality and decency which they sustain will have the advantage ultimately at law.—*Deseret News.*

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

How often we hear such expressions as—"The present is ours, the future we know nothing about, it is all uncertainty, wrapt in profound mystery." We should be careful to qualify our words and not fall into the channel of

tradition and past education, forgetting that the light of revelation has dawned upon us; that a Divine Messenger has been sent to tell us we are HERE by our own consent. We are not left to grope in darkness and in superstition, misguided, we have been more peculiarly favored. All the learning of Christendom has not made plain the simple fact, that we had a previous existence. The gifted and immortalized Byron in his celebrated prayer, one of the finest poems ever written, cried out in his anguish of heart,—

"Without my own consent I came."

We are here for a purpose, every one of us; here to prove our integrity before high heaven; here to develop the faculties which have been implanted in our natures, and to make good use of our time in doing our Father's work. Not to abuse, or neglect our opportunities for advancement. Do we order our lives with reference to the hereafter, keeping the conviction continually in view, not in fear, not in dread, but guiding, directing, inspiring us to achieve a work of which we need not be ashamed when we go home again into the presence of our Father? We must render an account then, without help from others; without the influence of friends; not resting upon another's faith; not trusting to another's knowledge, our own acts, our own merits must speak for themselves. We are permitted to help each other here, to reach out after the weak and erring, and O! how kind and merciful and tender we should be, that we lay not a straw in their path. But ever watchful of those around us, or those entrusted to our care and guidance, demonstrate our true charity by genuine acts of mercy; strengthening, comforting, sustaining those whose hearts are aching, whose bosoms have been pierced, reminding them of the hereafter in which they must act their own individual parts. Thus we may make soft pillows for our heads when we come to lie in the grave; showing that sweet charity which is needful; commending where we can, objecting where we must, sincere in sorrow for a fault, rejoicing without envy for a virtue; daring to stand alone if necessary, having sufficient moral courage to condemn vice; and although some hate, some deride and many shun us, we will not go weakly along with the current stream of popularity; though the world be loud to condemn us, and though we suffer wrong, we look forward to the great hereafter.

Shall we be sorry then for any strait and narrow places through which we have passed safely, for any crooked path we have trodden alone? Will there not be joy in our hearts for the experience we have gained, for the victory we have achieved.

Mothers, sisters, we are the pioneers of a great army who are learning to battle for life with its opposing elements; and for all the sorrowful, for all the weak, for all who have borne neglect in silence and in meekness, for all who have sought to live pure lives, there is one resource which never fails; therefore let them look from the shattered idol of their hopes here, from the broken mirror to the unbroken light reflected from the Eternal Love that never fails. And remember still that all pure love brings its burden as well as its joy; but let HIM be always nearest, His voice always clearest to be heard, easiest to be understood, dearest to follow; what He desires our closest care. The voice of God is no inarticulate music, but a living voice, whose "Woe unto the workers of iniquity" is real and needed as his "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden."

The present is good, if we only understood ourselves properly and we are learning it daily; and as we learn trying to benefit others; the future is ours, we belong to it, we shall assuredly have to take part in it; and if we can only thoroughly prepare ourselves here, refreshing and gladdening others, who may weary of the way, blessing humanity and advancing true knowledge, we shall indeed receive a rich recompense, a glorious reward in the great hereafter.

BLANCHE BEECHWOOD.

—*Woman's Exponent.*

An investment in knowledge pays good interest.

BROTHERHOOD.

One of the most prominent features of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is that of fraternity, not in theory only, but in practice; not in word alone, but in very deed.

As the term man generically includes all the human race, so the fraternal spirit of the Gospel generically has the same comprehensive range, embracing in its extended scope not only all the endearing relations of the family, but all the members of the race who embrace the principles of the Gospel.

The Gospel, whenever it is preached, is glad tidings to all people who wish to do right. To the meek and humble, the honest and pure in heart, to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is glad tidings of great joy, it is emphatically peace on earth, good will to men. If any man preach a gospel that is not good tidings, that is not peace and union and harmony, that does not bring brotherhood, that is not full of a fraternal spirit, then that is no gospel, no matter how apparently it may resemble the Gospel, but it is a form of godliness without the power thereof.

The brotherhood of the Gospel is full and complete, not only extending through the whole of this life, but also embracing that which is to come. Whenever this fraternal feeling is lacking in our bosoms we fail to show forth the true spirit of the Gospel. We may have the Gospel in form, but we are not animated by its true spirit. The essence of the Gospel is peace, good will, brotherhood, and if we have the form or theory without the essence we are but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

We need not here enter into detail concerning the many various ways in which the profession without the possession of the Gospel many manifest itself. These manifestations have a general hypocritical and deceptive and often a very unpleasant character, and every one can readily imagine for himself more varieties of them than will be agreeable to contemplate, though the contemplation may not be altogether unprofitable.—*Deseret News.*

"TO-MORROW."

BY EMILY R. STEINESTEL.

"May I wear my new dress to-day, mamma?"

"No, dear; you cannot have it on until Sunday."

"When is Sunday, mamma?"

"To-morrow."

"When will Santa Claus come, mamma?"

"Before long; run away now and play; I want to finish this sewing for to-morrow."

"Mamma, why is it always to-morrow, and when it comes it is not to-morrow any more. I'm so tired of waiting for it."

"Don't ask so many questions, dear; you will understand sometime."

"To-morrow, mamma?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

When to-morrow was again to-day the little one lay tossing in the grasp of death. Wildly her arms were thrown about, as if trying to drive away the terrible intruder. At last at midday she became calm, and her first words were:

"Mamma, is it now to-morrow?"

"Why, darling?"

"Because the angels have whispered in my ear that I should play with them to-morrow. Don't you see them, mamma? Don't you hear them sing? Come, put your face down to mine: there, dear mamma, don't you hear them now?"

"No, my sweet child, I cannot hear them."

"Oh, say you will, mamma, else I cannot sing so that you can hear me, when I come with them at Christmas."

"My darling will not leave me."

"Yes, mamma, the angels said to-

morrow, and when Christmas comes, I and all the little ones are coming to sing for you, mamma, mamma; you will hear us."

Gently, oh, so tenderly the angels took her pure little soul from us to "play with them."

Again to-morrow is to day, and we put away the semblence of our darling. The invisible hand of nature, softly, silently placed her white drapery over the earthly bed, as if saying, "They are all in my care, where neither pain nor cold can reach them."

And another was added to that waiting band of mothers who are anxiously looking out of the long night, for the breaking of that resplendant to-morrow, that will remain a glorious perpetual to-day.

There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death."

—*Ex*

RETRIBUTION.

A few days ago we gave some particulars of the miserable end of ex-Governor Ford, who was officially responsible for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. We have now to relate briefly the tragic death of his son Thomas. Ford's children, in consequence of his poverty, were adopted by different citizens, Thomas being taken care of by Hon. Thos. E. Moore, of Peoria. The young man served in the army, and afterwards moved to Kansas, where, with an elder brother, he followed various occupations, principally driving large herds of stock from the south.

Last July he was going to Caldwell and stopped at a ranch for refreshment. Here he was watched by two armed men, and proceeding about a mile was suddenly seized by three men before he could defend himself. They took him for one of the cattle stealers, with which the State was infested, and in spite of his protestations, prayers and appeals for an investigation, they proceeded to hang him to the limb of a tree. He told them he was the son of ex-Gov. Ford, but they laughed him to scorn and refused to examine his papers. And here, with the July sun smiling brightly down upon him from the heavens, the ruffians, who were probably cattle thieves themselves, bound his hands and feet, hoisted him up with a rope, and left him dangling in the air. After the murder they examined his papers, found that he had told them the truth, and one of them, struck with remorse, told of the horrid deed that had been perpetrated. But the facts did not, until quite recently, reach the ears of his friends.

Thus the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. — *Ogden Junction*, Jan. 4.

Never get another to do for you what you can just as well do for yourself. Money thus paid out is thrown away.

How often are you irresistibly drawn toward a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft tongue renders her attractive. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key that always characterizes a true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband.—*Lamb.*

To be truly noble is not so hard as many may imagine. It does not require the accomplishment of some great act, the winning of world-wide fame, or even a fierce struggle with some huge monster. It is but to love virtue and truth, and to keep them as constant companions. The soul thus governed is noble and God-like, though known but to God, and nothing else can make it so, though the whole world should speak its applause.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1875.

IS A TREE KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS?

W. HEPWORTH DIXON IN UTAH.

How very strange that men of intelligence, learning and wisdom, noted for broad views, comprehensive ideas, and general accuracy of knowledge and conception, as this world goes, should be so easily influenced by prejudice and swayed by popular sentiment and clamor, when dealing with matters connected with the people of God, and the great Latter-day Work.

In a letter written by W. Hepworth Dixon, at Salt Lake City, in December last, and published recently in the *Liverpool Mercury*, we were not a little surprised to find what appears to us to be some glaring inconsistencies. The letter is mainly devoted to giving a very fair, though somewhat glowing narration of the apparent changes which have been wrought in that city in the space of eight years; but when he comes to pronounce judgment upon Brigham Young and his religion, and condemn him as a common enemy of mankind, and his religion as false, he is far from the mark; he is doing what is not borne out by facts, that which he cannot prove to be true, and therefore what he condems in others; and what we think is as deserving of condemnation in himself.

In reference to Omaha and Denver he says—"In both of these cities of the plains the manners are softer, the streets are cleaner, and the humaner influences are slowly but surely establishing their ascendency, * * these cities have improved in the advancing years." But he continues—"The changes introduced in Zion are not all improvements—grog-shops, dicing-rooms, and what not, have *not* beautified Main-street." In reference to the Theatre he says—"Eight years ago it was a model Theatre," (it was then under the control of Prest. Young) "but since the Gentile influx a lower style of entertainment, melo-drama, juggling and tumbling serves to fill the house"—(it has passed from his immediate control) "churches and chapels have sprung up, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic, and each of these denominations has a school connected with its place of worship. Such things are welcome. But with church and schools have come gaming-houses, stews, saloons and other abominations," and "now this city is as lax as either Denver or Omaha."

Although we would fain believe that the writer had given to this part of his narrative some touch of romantic coloring, and that Salt Lake City, hitherto proverbial for morality, good government and order, is not quite so lax as

either Omaha or Denver. Yet we are forced to acknowledge that there is too much sad truth in the above. Well may Mr. Dixon say "the changes introduced in Zion are not all improvements." He might have added both truthfully and justly, that "since the Gentile influx" into that city, not a single change introduced or encouraged by them has been any improvement whatever, but to the contrary. In substance he admits it in the scathing remark that "with church and schools have come gaming-houses, stews, saloons, and other abominations," and he further proves it in the following—"Eight years ago a rowdy found it hard to live his life, no whiskey could be bought," (except at one or two places where it was kept expressly for the use of the Gentiles—so called in distinction to the Latter-day Saints) "no public gambling was allowed, no females of abandoned character were suffered to remain above a day—the next stage passed them on to either San Francisco or Fort Leavenworth." In these respects the laws of the Territory and of the city are unchanged, and if there is gambling or prostitution or drunkenness in Salt Lake City now, they are in violation of law; and were it not for the interference of governmental officials, in the persons of such fanatical and missionary judges as Justice McKean and his associates Hawley, Strickland and Boreman, of whom even Mr. Dixon complains, these laws would speedily be executed, and the city purged of these and the other abominations to which he refers.

But who can tell what a hue-and-cry would be raised from the Gentile camp against the "wicked Mormons," were such an event to transpire. Yet was not the state of society eight years ago, as described by Mr. Dixon, far more pure, the condition of the people vastly more moral than now, and the whole status of the city infinitely superior and more elevated? Who will say that a community conspicuous for the absence of drunkenness, rowdyism, gambling, whoredom, and all manner of crimes, and notorious for honesty, sobriety, union, industry, thrift, and all peaceful pursuits, were a wicked people? or that they were not purer, happier, truer, more prosperous and better off, morally, socially, politically, and religiously, than if surrounded by the evils and in the condition Mr. Dixon now describes? And who would not condemn the instruments and the means employed to bring about this sad change? and depricate the power which compasses the annihilation of legal, moral and religious restraints, and the disruption of law-abiding, peaceful communities, by introducing among them drunkenness, profanity, gambling, whoredom and robberies, and protecting the votaries of these crimes from the just punishment of the law, themselves administering the law? Thus giving license and encouragement to crime, and turning loose to prey upon the law-abiding people, the worst of criminals, at the same time immuring in dungeons, and denying speedy trials to men only accused of crime, because they happen to be Mormons. Will Mr. Dixon raise his voice against these barbarities, and the perpetrators of them? Yes—in a measure he does. He rebukes Justice McKean and assistant Justice Hawley (Boreman) for partiality and fanaticism, but extols Vice-President Colfax and Dr. Newman, while the former were and still are in a measure but the cat's paws of the latter, all of them "seeming to think their duty lies not in dealing out justice to every one without regard to his opinions, but in putting down the views adopted by the Mormons"; and, what is remarkable about this matter is, they, like Mr. Dixon, have made Brigham Young the target for their fierce attacks. Mr. Dixon says, "Yon railway brought into

this valley good and bad—some of the best and not a little of the worst. * * * Teachers and preachers came to Zion. Vice-President Colfax denounced the theocratic government of Brigham Young from the balcony of a Mormon hotel. Dr. Newman, chaplain to the Senate, challenged the Apostles to defend the system of plural wives, and held a public debate in the Mormon Tabernacle with Professor Orson Pratt. All these things tend to good. The gentiles have a right to use all intellectual arms against polygamy and Priestcraft in the person of Brigham Young. *He is the enemy* of our moral law, our household practice, our religious faith, *it is our duty* to *oppose his* teachings and *arrest* his progress." So says the fanatical Justice McKean, and associate Justice Boreman, and other missionary U. S. government officials. "But with truth and fact, not shot and shell; by history and science, not by retroactive laws," says Mr. Dixon. So said, Vice-President Colfax and Dr. Newman and some other Teachers and Preachers, eight years ago, and they tried their plans and found willing champions of truth to meet them on the grounds of truth, facts, history, reason and science, and on these grounds truth and right were amply vindicated by Elder John Taylor against Vice-President Colfax and by Elder Orson Pratt against Dr. Newman, but unfortunately, for these high functionaries of the government and the Church, the vindication was on the side of the Mormons, and these gentlemen are not so strongly of the opinion as they were that truth, reason, &c. are the proper weapons with which to "put down Mormonism;" hence mission Jurists, and fanatical and bigoted officers and lawyers, and "retroactive laws"—it has before now come to "shot and shell" as the only arguments with which to put down the Mormons, and it may come to that again, but each successive attempt will prove as futile and as abortive as those of the past. For the Mormons have not only truth, reason, facts, history, &c. on their side, but God is also with them.

Prest. Brigham Young has perhaps done more than any living man for the benefit of mankind, he has gathered together a hundred and fifty thousand people from almost all nations, from the poorest of the poor, and has united them in one common bond of union, fellowship and brotherhood, at once the most moral, upright, pure, honest, plodding, industrious, peaceful, and happy community now known on the face of the earth. He and his brethren pioneered the way over the trackless prairies, desert plains and mountains, and among hostile Indian tribes, 1,500 miles; settled, reclaimed and made to blossom as the rose a desert country, by nature the most barren in the great sahara of America, of which it is the centre. He taught the poor how to make for themselves homes and wealth. He taught the savage tribes their first lessons of peace, and maintained friendly relations with them at the cost of millions of dollars, rather than to make war upon and destroy them. He established a *half-way* house, and fed and rested the tens of thousands of weary trans-continental sojourners towards the setting sun, in quest of fortunes in California, and by his peace-making policy and influence with the "red men" made the transit of the continent comparatively safe. He and his people have built beautiful cities, railroads, telegraph lines, factories, foundries, schools, colleges and institutions of learning. He and his people have established religion, science, the arts and manufacture in a wilderness, and opened the way for, and participated in developing the vast mineral resources of the Territory of Utah. Indeed he has been the instrument in the hand of God of demonstrating a grand and sublime problem, which at once perplexes, puzzles and

is the wonder of the whole world. His character as a man is in all respects as much superior to that of his enemies, accusers and persecutors, as the light of the sun is superior to that of a dim and transient meteor. He has proven himself to be a philanthropist, and a benefactor of his race, nor can any crime be laid at his door, notwithstanding the many false accusations made against him. Yet some "Teachers and Preachers," Colfax, Newman, McKean and Co. think that Brigham Young is the enemy of their moral law, their household practice and their religious faith, therefore that *it is their* duty to "oppose him and arrest his progress," and this liberal-minded gentleman, this graphic exponent of cosmopolitan ideas, Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon joins in this senseless hue-and-cry. Justly might Prest. Young say with Jesus, "Many good works have I shewed you from my father, for which of these works do ye stone me?" We see no possible way of arriving at the conclusions to which the enemies of Prest. Young and of the Latter-day Saints have arrived but by reversing the rules of the Savior, and declaring that "a tree is *not* known by its fruits"—"men *do* gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles," and "a bitter fountain sendeth forth sweet water."

"Eight years ago Brigham Young was king, the Twelve Apostles were princes, a Bishop was a great man, not to be an Elder was to be nobody, and laymen were dust of the earth, little higher in the scale than Utes or Shoshones."

Respecting the foregoing statements by Mr. Dixon, we have to say,—it is well known that nearly all the male members of the "Mormon" Church are "Elders." The people of Utah (the "Mormons") have ever been the most free and independent of the independent and free, the Bishops have ever been temporal fathers and protectors to the orphan, the widow and the poor. The Twelve Apostles are from the humble ranks of men, and among them of the most industrious, toiling, humble and exemplary, and no more unostentatious, frugal, kind-hearted, fatherly and approachable man than President Brigham Young has never come within the range of our personal acquaintance. Therefore the aspersions cast upon him, the Apostles, Bishops, Elders and the people of Utah are to speak mildly, without the least foundation in truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

By the courtesy of Elder John Henry Smith, we extract the following from a letter received from his father President George A. Smith.

St. George, Utah, Jan. 3, 1875.

My dear Son.

St. George seems about as lively as it did last year at this time, the work on the Temple being the principal attraction. About 100,000 cubic feet of red-sandstone have been laid in the walls since the 15th of February last. The first story is so nearly completed that I am requested by brother Parry to furnish the anchor irons for the girders of the second story on Wednesday night. These irons go into the wall 3½ feet and hook, and are bolted on the end of the beam with two ¾-inch bolts with nuts. We have about 300 men most of the time engaged at the Temple, quarry, lime-kiln, lumber mills, hauling sand, lime-stone, lumber, wood and other supplies. Two hundred and fifty of these men are volunteers from the northern settlements. Most of them brought their own supplies, except beef and potatoes. They have been supplied also with some dried fruit. The brethren here

failed to secure a supply of hay or corn fodder for the teams working on the Temple, and we are working under great disadvantage. We are using all the oxen we can get for hauling lumber from Mount Trumbull, as they can live mostly on grass. We have got four large sticks for girders to sustain the main floor above the basement; they are 40 feet long, 2 feet wide and 1 foot thick, and weigh 3,200 lbs. each. We expect to get three more of those sticks in the course of the week, and put them in place. The girders for the next floor will be made of planks 2 feet wide, 2 inches thick and bolted together to make the 40 feet span.

Christmas and New Year's day were observed as holidays, and the men did not work on the Temple.

President Young is in feeble health, but able to ride out nearly every day. He goes to the Temple and instructs the workmen. Brother Folsom stayed here a few days, but suffered so severely from the climate that he was compelled to return to the "basin" where he could get lighter air, for you will remember we are only 2,700 feet above the sea, while Salt Lake is 4,400 feet. Brother Romney broke his leg by falling on the steps of the Tabernacle about three months' ago, and is still confined to his room. President Young is our only architect. I have talked every Sunday since I have been here except to-day. Brother Stephen Farnsworth related his vision in Nauvoo to-day, and Elder Joseph A. Young spoke after him.

We pray for your health and prosperity.

Your affectionate father,

GEO. A. SMITH.

AUSTRALIA.

Elder Henry Allsworth writes from Australia, as follows:—

9, Berkley Street, Carlton, Melbourne,
Nov. 16, 1874.

Prest. Joseph F. Smith.

Dear Brother,—

I rejoice to say that we are getting on better in this mission since Elder Geddes came among us, for before he came things were in a very bad state, and the Saints felt as though a thick cloud was hanging over them, but when we saw in the "STAR" that Elder Geddes was appointed to this mission, we felt that the cloud had burst, and the Lord had heard our prayers, and sent us help. I am glad to say, since he has been here, he has been a blessing to us, he has set us an example worthy of imitation, and most of the Saints are trying to follow it. Ten have also emigrated to Utah, and several more of us are trying our best to get away by next fall. Brother Geddes has been away from us for the past three months, and just returned from Sydney; his health is much better than it has been; he is feeling well, although he has had his hands full since he has been here. This country is a hard place to labor in, as the towns are a long distance apart. There is plenty of room for five or six Elders, for I believe the people in the interior would listen to the servants of God more than they will in such towns as Melbourne, where they do not feel inclined to seek after the kingdom of God, their whole aim and desire being to accumulate wealth. We have had good congregations in a few of the country towns.

Your brother in the Gospel of Christ,

H. ALLSWORTH.

I WOULD NOT—I WOULD.

I would not make a charnel house of the earth, that I might be called a hero.

I would not march armies over countries rich in all the elements of life and happiness, and leave black desolation and want behind, that I might be flattered because feared, that I might be great because I had made many miserable.

I would not make mausoleums of cities, that monuments might be raised to commemorate my deeds while living, only to be destroyed in hate, and my

memory cursed for my crimes after death.

I would not be an Alexander, wishing for more worlds to conquer, that my fame might be measured by the amount of misery I had caused my fellow mortals.

I would not be a Julius Cæsar, with the self-constituted right to slay thousands already conquered, for bravely defending what God and nature had given them—the right to defend themselves against a public robber.

I would not be a Napoleon—a Christian warrior, deliberately writing my own selfish, self-constituted creed of right and wrong in the blood of my fellow Christians, dazzling the world by the brilliancy of my genius, but like the serpent only dazzling to destroy. Great talents used to increase the miseries of mankind, great power used to rob and plunder them, I fancy will be a poor recommend for admittance into heaven. If the record of my fame must be engraven with the sword, let it be done in succoring the weak, in overthrowing the wrong, in defending the right.

I would not hoard up wealth to feed greedy eyes on glittering gold to make it the god of worship, to narrow down my soul to the limits of a dollar, to make me blind to all that is noble in humanity, to smother the light from the Eternal that would lead me to higher intelligence.

For the wealth of the Indies, for the gold of the Western Hemisphere, I would not go into my grave contemned by the noble, hated by the poor, and cursed by the widow and the orphan, leaving neither honor nor the love of my memory behind—nothing but gold for my heirs to quarrel over.

Providence never designed that man should live on the toil of his fellow man, but supply his wants from the elements, and, if blessed with superior abilities, assist the less fortunate. No ambition but that to do good should stimulate us to action. A love of fame is commendable if it is subordinate to our love of virtue and mankind.

I would use power and wealth to make men better and therefore happier, to increase the elements of life, to open the way that the labors of the poor might raise them above the pinchings of want. Instead of making science a means to destroy, to desolate, I would make it subserve the purposes of life. I would clothe the desert with the waving harvest, with villages and cottages, with happy homes, and fill the air with the hum of industry, with the song of content.

I would not have the costly monument the only attraction to my grave, the cold and stately marble my only representative. When I am gone, I would have my name the theme of pleasant memories around the hearthstone of the cottage. I would have every human heart a living tablet, impressed with the record of my fame, by deeds of love to my fellow man.

I would have sturdy manhood drop the silent tear because I had crossed the dark river before them, and look forward with pleasure to the time when we may greet each other in a better world. I would have my deeds worthy the emulation of youth, and innocent childhood strew my humble grave with flowers, and lisp my name with the reverence that love inspires.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

—*Deseret News.*

A WRITING MACHINE.

INGENIOUS APPARATUS TO DO AWAY WITH THE DRUDGERY OF THE PEN.

It looks as if the problem of a successful writing machine had been at last solved, and that for the future there is to be a great simplification and saving of clerical labor. Superintendent Kline, of the Lake Shore Telegraph Lines, has now in his office an admirable little machine, which writes, or rather prints, any sort of a letter or document, in the neatest and most legible manner, and as rapidly if not much more so, than the penman-

ship could be executed by a skilled clerk. The machine is enclosed in a box of japanned sheet-iron, about 18 inches square and 15 high, and mounted on an ordinary sewing machine stand.

In the front part of this box are a number of keys, marked with all the letters of the alphabet, the nine numerals and the cypher and the punctuation marks. These keys are attached by wires to little levers, upon the end of each of which is a small steel letter corresponding to that upon the key. Upon touching the key, the lever flies up and strikes the letter upon its end against an ordinary stamp-ribbon, which moves across the top. A roller presses against this, carrying the paper upon which the writing is to be made. At each tap of a letter, the roller moves along sufficiently to allow room for the impression of the next letter. The touching of a key at the end of a word makes the necessary space between that and the next. When near the end of a line a warning bell rings, giving notice that only four more letters can be added to the line. When the end is reached a touch upon the treadle by the foot brings back the roller in readiness for beginning the next line, and so the operation is continued until the whole document is written. The letters are all capitals, and of the style known among printers as gothic. Below is a facsimile of one of these orders:

TOLEDO, O., OCT. 17TH, 1874.
MANAGERS,
YOU WILL PLEASE SEND ME ALL THE OLD MESSAGES YOU MAY HAVE ON HAND 6 MONTHS OLD—AT ONCE.
YOURS, &c.,
WM. KLINE, JR.

The speed at which the work is done varies much with the practice of the operator. The machine has now been in Superintendent Kline's office but a week or so, and the practice upon it has not been very great, and yet a speed of twenty-six words per minute has been attained. This is more rapid than the average of expert penmen, and is fully equal, we believe, to the performance, of the usual telegraph operator.

A great advantage of the machine is its capacity to do manifold work. If necessary thirteen copies of any document can be made at once on it, by adopting the usual plan of "manifolding" common in telegraph offices, which is by the use of alternate sheets of oiled tissue and blackened paper. In this way the many "orders," "notices to agents," &c., required in railroad offices, can be produced with a vast saving of clerical labor, and Mr. Kline has already made great use of it in this way.

The machine is very simple and not at all liable to derangement of its parts, but in case such should occur, any ordinary light machinist can repair it readily. It is manufactured by the Remington Company, at Ilion, New York, and costs about $125.—*Toledo Blade.*

[We have received several business letters from the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, written or rather printed with the Remington machine referred to in the above article.—Ed. D. E. N.]

UTAH NEWS.

From the *Deseret News*:—

OPENED.—Yesterday Jan 3rd, religious services were held for the first time in the upper room of the fine new school house of the 17th Ward. President D. H. Wells and Elder Wilford Woodruff preached there in the afternoon and Bishop Edward Hunter and Elder George B. Wallace in the evening.

ST. GEORGE.—We learn, by special dispatch from St, George, dated to-day, Jan 6th, that beautiful weather prevails there. Fifteen hundred and twenty-three tons of temple rock had been hauled during December, most of which has already been placed in the walls. The health of Presidents Brigham Young and Geo. A. Smith is good.

UMBER.—This morning, Jan 4th, Mr. H. H. Wadman showed us a specimen of umber, a material used extensively in the painting business, taken from a lately discovered ledge within thirty-five miles of this City. We speak advisedly when we say that the specimen we have seen is of better quality than that generally imported from the east, having more body to it. This cannot be deemed other than an important discovery, and should not only stop the importation of the article of umber, but there will doubtless be enough to supply at least the nearest markets outside the Territory, the deposit being apparently the next thing to inexhaustible. The article will have to be ground before being placed on the market, which will be an easy matter, as it is soft and remarkably free from grit. By burning it, making what is known as burnt umber, a rich and more powerful tint results.

RETURNED FROM THE EAST.—This morning, Jan. 5th, we had the pleasure of meeting Bishop A. O. Smoot, who reached this city last night from the eastern States, where he has been on a business trip connected with the Provo Woolen Manufacturing Company. While absent he went to many of the large manufacturing cities, among them Boston, Lowell, Manchester, and Worcester, where he visited the various manufacturing establishments, gleaning information that will be useful in the management of the Provo factory. In his visits he was treated with the greatest courtesy, the proprietors of the establishments affording him every facility to inspect the various processes of manufacture. He also visited Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Washington. He purchased a large quantity of machinery and a car-load of cotton yarn and dyestuffs for the Provo woolen factory, the major portion of the machinery having been bought in Philadelphia and the balance in St. Louis. He invested in this way in the vicinity of $15,000. The machinery just purchased will fit the mill up sufficiently for all present purposes; and will nearly double its producing capacity. Bishop Smoot had numerous opportunities of conversing with members of Congress, who he found to be well posted regarding the true situation of Utah affairs—the relative position of the genuine, stable, industrious community and the intermeddling carpet-baggers, who seek to curtail the people's liberties to subserve their own nefarious ends. The prosecutions, or legal persecutions against the Hon. George Q. Cannon, instead of operating against that gentleman's influence, have had a contrary effect, the object of those proceedings being plainly understood.

From the *Salt Lake Herald*:—

EXCURSION FROM PROVO.—Yesterday afternoon, Jan. 6, three car-loads of excursionists from Provo reached this city, where they will spend the time till Friday morning. The excursion was gotten up by H. H. Cluff, Esq., who is also in town managing the affair. In the party are old and young, gentlemen and ladies, youths and maidens, boys and girls who have come up from their country home to see the sights in the metropolis.

UTAH SOUTHERN, Jan. 8.—We understand it is the intention to commence running passenger and freight trains on the Utah Southern as far as Payson, some time next week. The grade is completed, and track-laying is being prosecuted with energy.

From the *Ogden Junction*, Jan. 5:—

We learn from the *Statesman*, that Councilor Stalker has introduced a bill into the Idaho Legislature, for an act creating the County of Bear Lake. It was referred to the committee on counties and county boundaries.

By letter from Morgan County, which was mislaid for a few days, we learn that last week Dan Davis went up Hardscrabble cañon to cut saw logs, and about half a mile from Holman's mill he found a bee tree, with a swarm of bees in it, and honey enough to last them all winter. He did not take the honey, but cut the tree down and took home the part containing the bees and their winter's provisions. This is said to be the finest bee tree ever found in Utah.